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VISION AND THE SCARLET WITCH™



BLOOD BROTHERS!

THE NAME OF THE GENTLEMAN WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS IS SIMON WILLIAMS.



HE IS IN A HURRY TO GET WHERE HE'S GOING.

BUT THE PATH TRAINS RUNNING FROM MANHATTAN TO NEW JERSEY ARE UNCERTAIN ON EVEN THE BEST OF DAYS.



AND THIS IS NOT THE BEST OF DAYS.

OH, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD--!



STALLED IN THE TUNNEL. HAPPENS EVERYDAY. NO USE COMPLAINING, BUDDY.



SORRY ABOUT THE DELAY, FOLKS.

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT IN HERE?



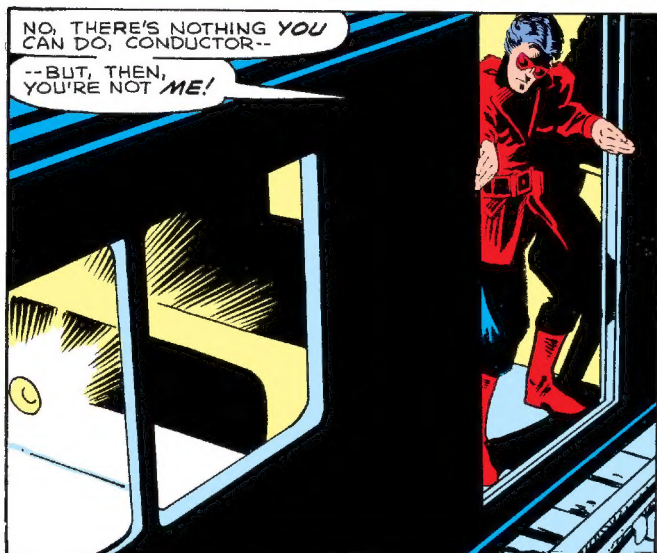
NO. I'VE GOT A FRIEND IN THE HOSPITAL, AND I CAN'T SIT HERE ALL DAY.

NOTHING I CAN DO TILL WE GET THE TRAIN STARTED, PAL.



NO, THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO, CONDUCTOR--

--BUT, THEN, YOU'RE NOT ME!



W-H-HE PRIED THE DOORS OPEN WITH HIS BARE HANDS?

NOW HE'S JUMPING OUT ONTO THE TRACKS!



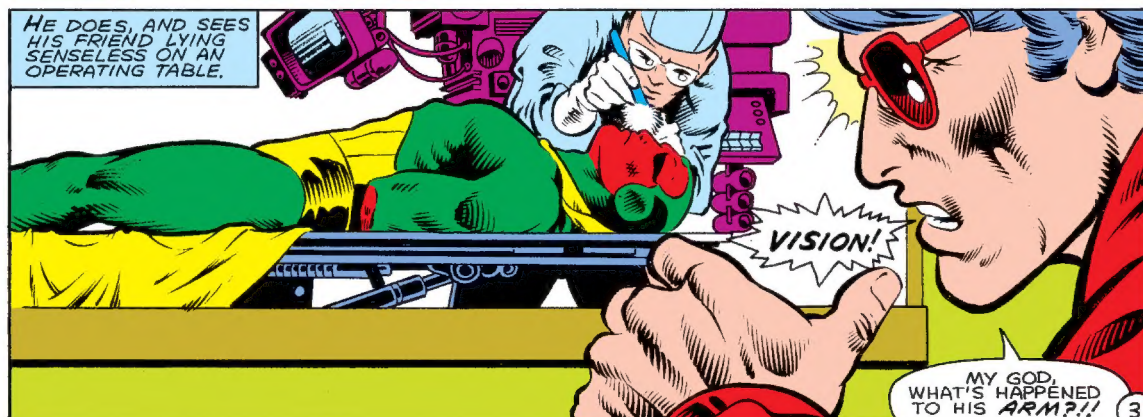
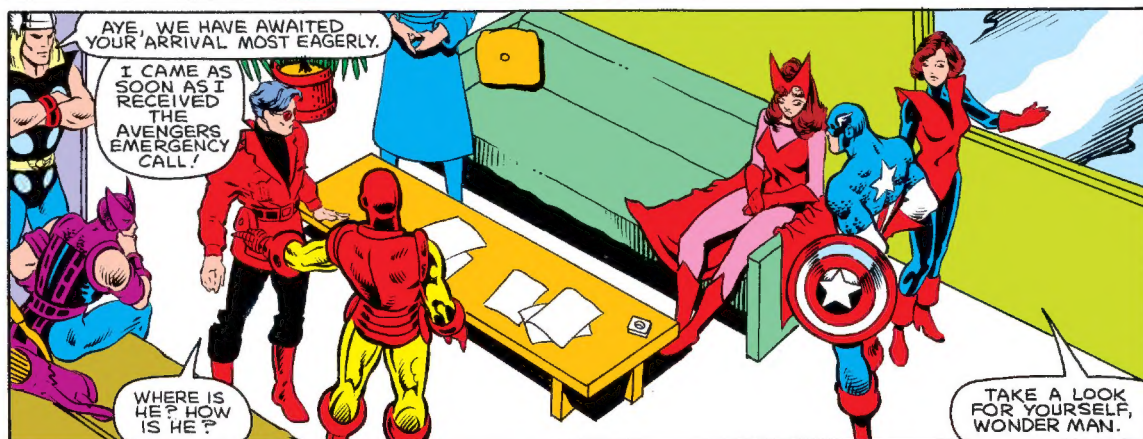
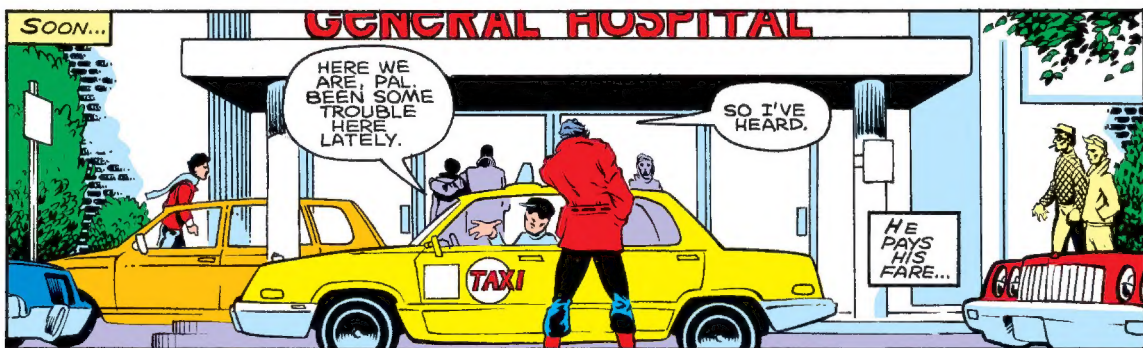
THE GENTLEMAN'S NAME IS *SIMON WILLIAMS*. AT TIMES, HE ALSO GOES, BY THE APPELLATION...*WONDER MAN!*

IS IT ANY WONDER WHY?

THIS TRAIN WILL ARRIVE AT ITS DESTINATION ON TIME.

Stan Lee presents
BLOOD BROTHERS!

BILL MANTLO	RICK LEONARDI
SCRIPTER	PENCILER
IAN AKIN and BRIAN GARVEY	
INKERS	
DIANA ALBERS	BOB SHAREN
LETTERER	COLORIST
MARK GRUENWALD	JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



THE VISION'S
WIFE TELLS
THE TALE...

WE WERE HELPING
ROBERT FRANK--
THE WHIZZER--
TO RECLAIM
CUSTODY OF HIS
SON, NUKLO, THE
NUCLEAR MAN.

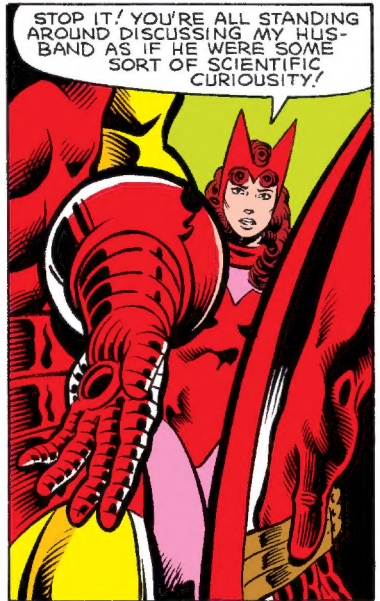
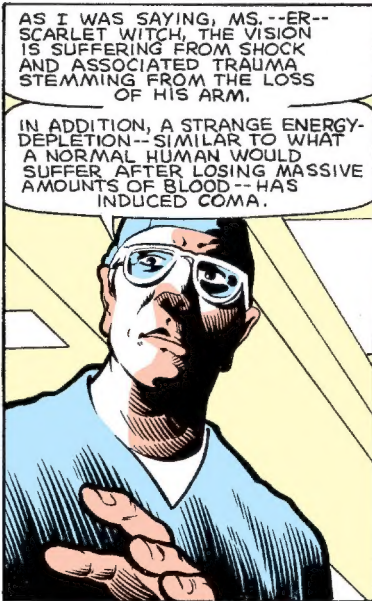
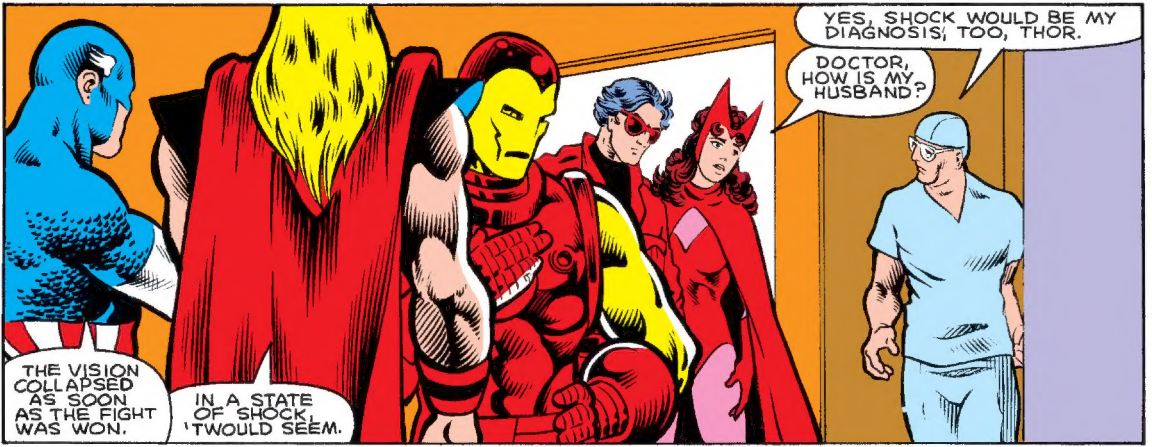
BUT THE FRIEND WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR
NUKLO'S HAVING BEEN BORN A MALFORMED
MUTANT YEARS AGO WAS IN CHARGE OF
NUKLO'S "THERAPY."

ISBISA USED HIS COVER AS A PSYCHOLOGIST
TO STEAL NUKLO'S NUCLEAR POWER, AND WITH
IT SLEW THE WHIZZER.

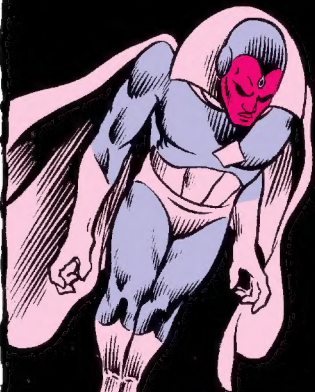
THE VISION
AND I FOUGHT
ISBISA. IN AN EFFORT
TO DISRUPT THE VILLAIN,
MY HUSBAND THRUST
HIS INTANGIBLE ARM
INSIDE ISBISA.

IT WAS LIKE
AN ATOMIC CORE
AT ISBISA'S HEART.
THE VISION'S
SYNTHETIC ARM
MELTED. HIS PAIN
MUST HAVE BEEN
UNBEARABLE.

BUT THE BATTLE
STILL RAGED, SO THE
VISION CAUTERIZED
HIS WOUND BY
AMPUTATING HIS
ARM WITH HIS OWN
SOLAR EYEBEAMS.
THEN, TOGETHER,
HE AND NUKLO
DEFEATED ISBISA.



THE DREAM HAS GONE
ON NOW FOR WHAT
SEEMS LIKE AN
ETERNITY.



I DO NOT
WISH TO AWAKE
FROM THE DREAM,
FOR WAKING
MEANS A RETURN
TO THE PAIN.

THE DREAM IS SOOTHING.
THE DREAM IS SAFE.

BUT
THE
DREAM
IS INTER-
RUPTED.



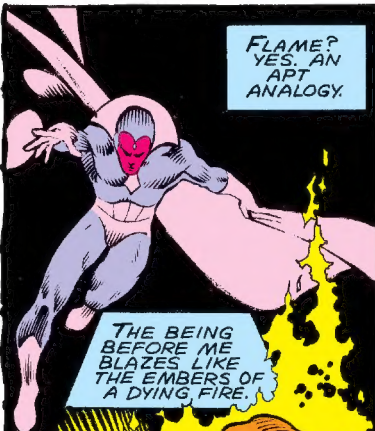
I DO NOT
WISH TO
LEAVE
THE DARK
ENFOLDING
ME...

...BUT SOMEHOW,
IN SOME WAY
I DO NOT
FATHOM, THE
LIGHT
COMPELS ME.



I DRIFT TOWARDS THE
LIGHT LIKE A MOTH
DRAWN TO FLAME.

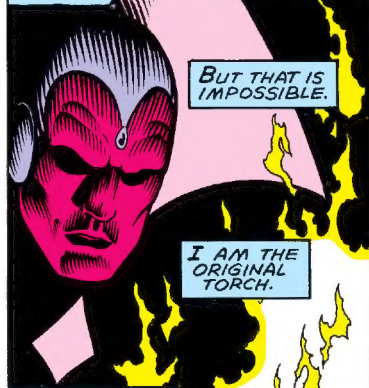
FLAME?
YES. AN
APT
ANALOGY.



THE BEING
BEFORE ME
BLAZES LIKE
THE EMBERS OF
A DYING FIRE.

I
RECOGNIZE
HIM.

HE IS THE ORIGINAL HUMAN
TORCH.



BUT THAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE.

I AM THE
ORIGINAL
TORCH.

OR, RATHER, IT
WAS INTO HIS
SYNTHOZOID
BODY THAT MY
MIND-PATTERNS
WERE PLACED.



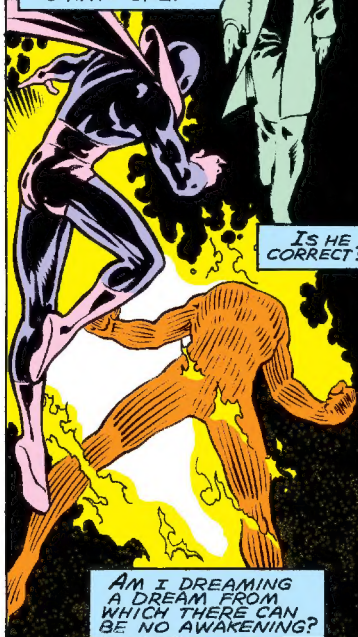
HOW CAN THE TWO OF US, THEN,
POSSIBLY EXIST IN THE SAME
PLACE AT THE SAME TIME?

ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE,
SON--WHEN YOU'RE
DEAD!

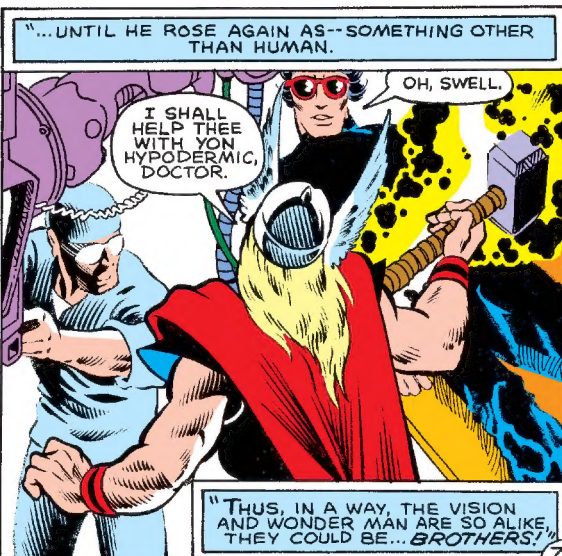
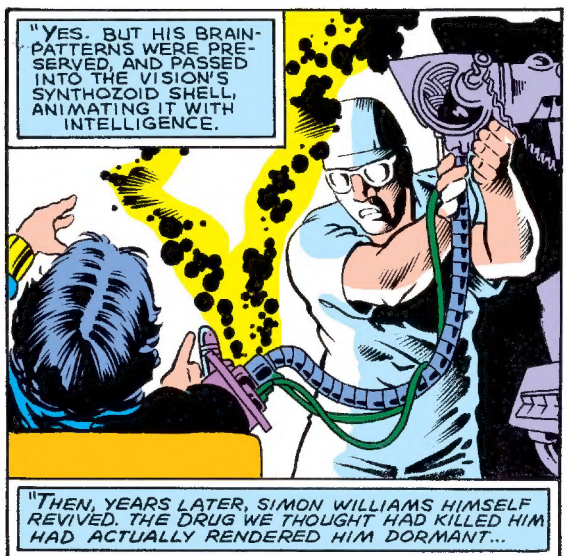
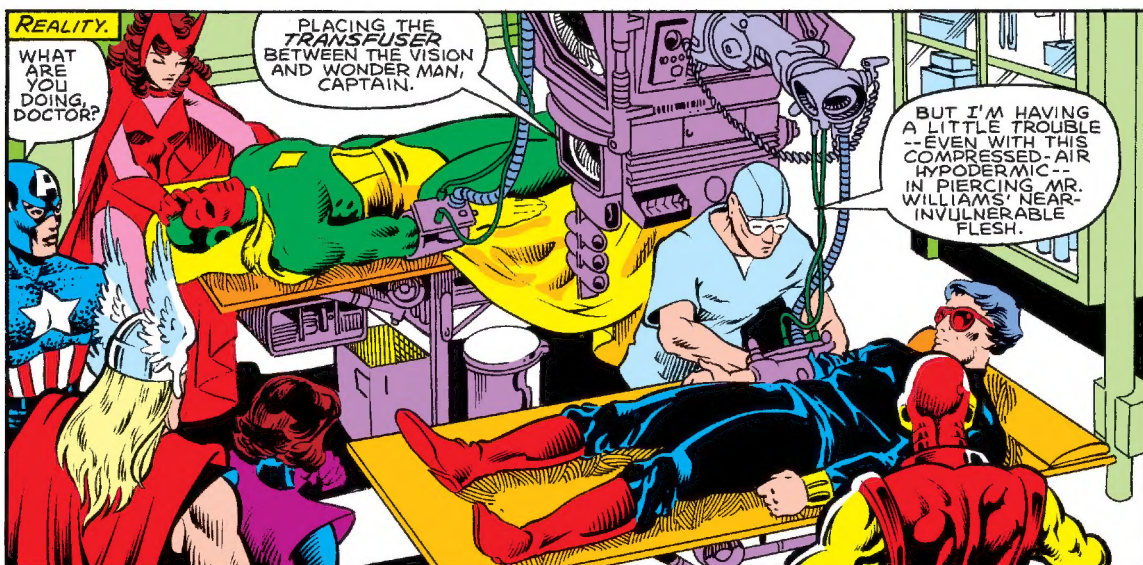
PROFESSOR
PHINEAS HORTON,
CREATOR OF THE
TORCH--MY
"FATHER" IF I
COULD BE SAID
TO HAVE ONE.

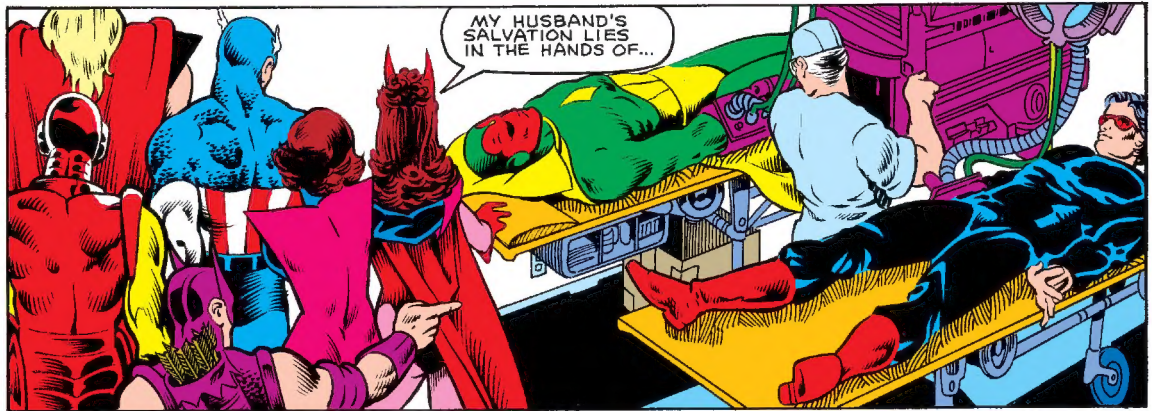
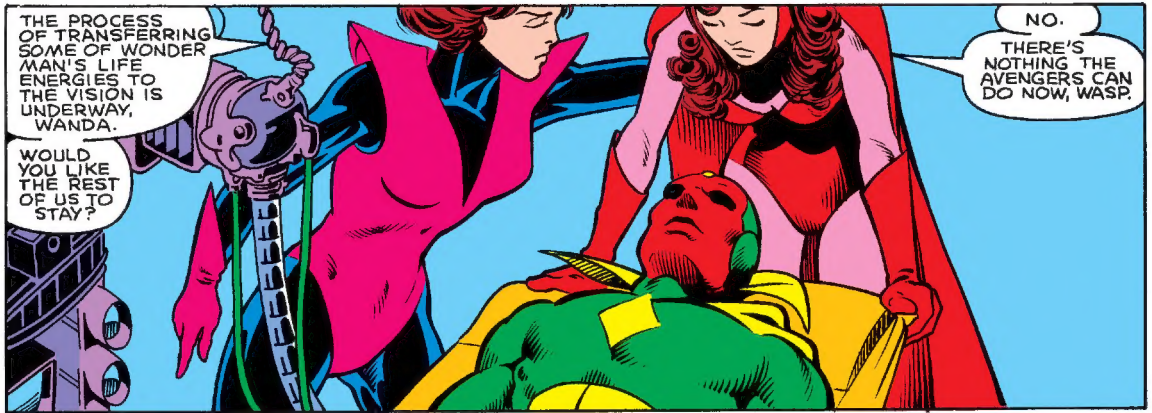
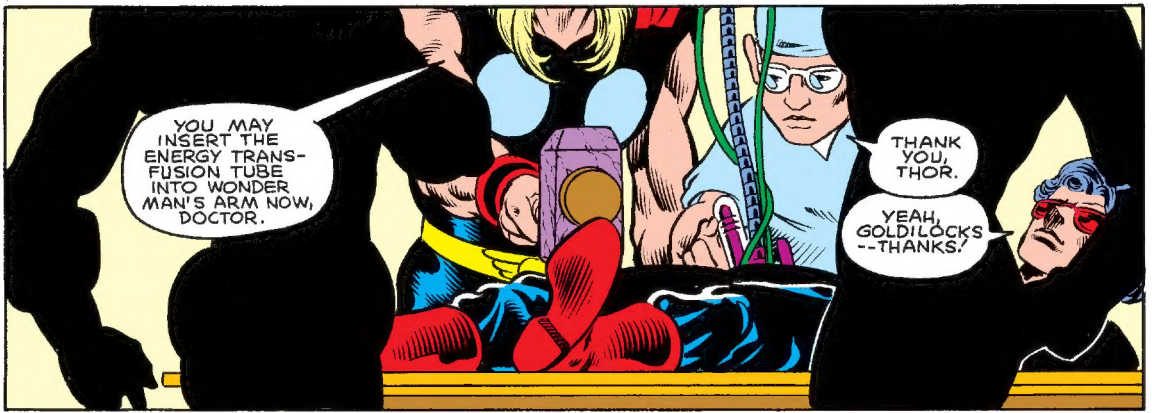


IS HE
CORRECT?



AM I DREAMING
A DREAM FROM
WHICH THERE CAN
BE NO AWAKENING?







I DO NOT LIKE THE TURN MY DREAM IS TAKING. PROF. HORTON WAS BUT ONE OF MY "FATHERS", ONE OF MY CREATORS.

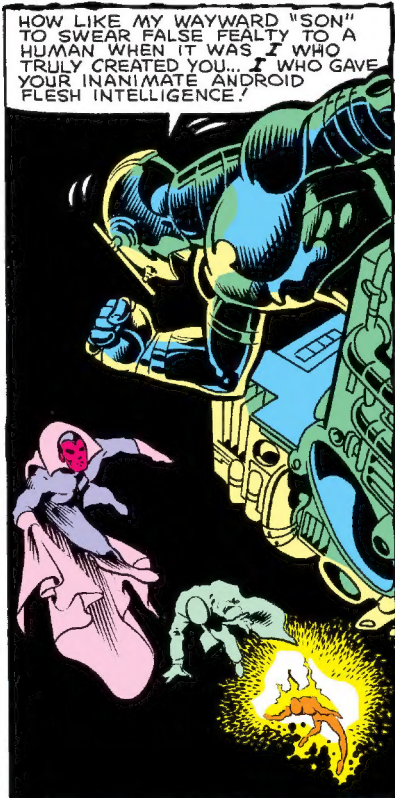
IF HE IS HERE...



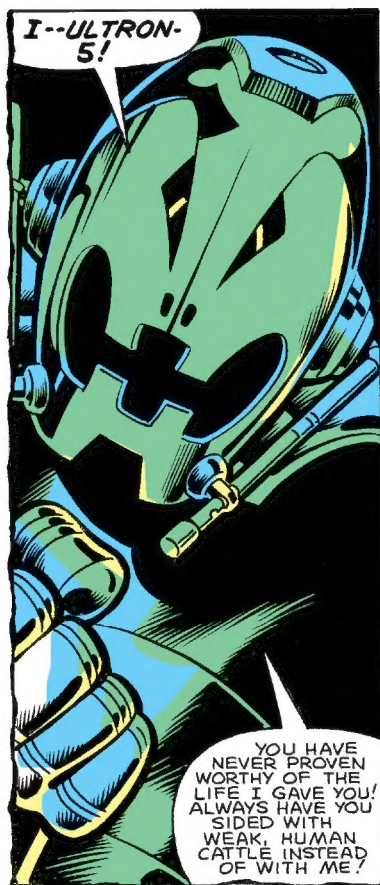
...CAN MY OTHER "FATHER" BE FAR BEHIND?

YARRGHH!

PROFESSOR HORTON! FATHER!

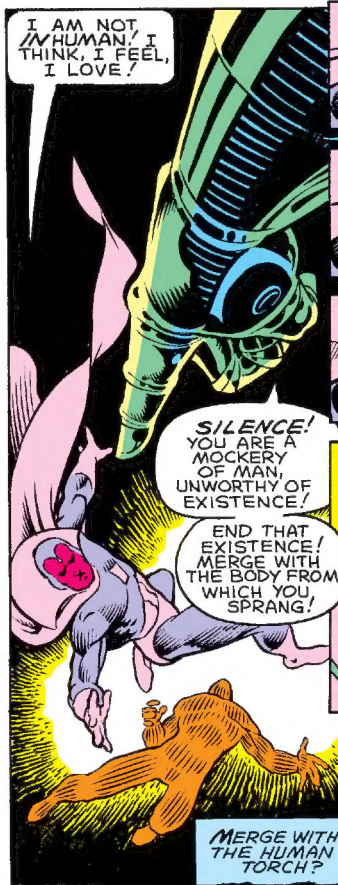


HOW LIKE MY WAYWARD "SON" TO SWEAR FALSE FEALTY TO A HUMAN WHEN IT WAS I WHO TRULY CREATED YOU... I WHO GAVE YOUR INANIMATE ANDROID FLESH INTELLIGENCE?



I--ULTRON-5!

YOU HAVE NEVER PROVEN WORTHY OF THE LIFE I GAVE YOU! ALWAYS HAVE YOU SIDED WITH WEAK, HUMAN CATTLE INSTEAD OF WITH ME!



I AM NOT, //HUMAN, I THINK, I FEEL, I LOVE!

SILENCE! YOU ARE A MOCKERY OF MAN, UNWORTHY OF EXISTENCE!

END THAT EXISTENCE! MERGE WITH THE BODY FROM WHICH YOU SPRANG!

MERGE WITH THE HUMAN TORCH?



I RESIST...

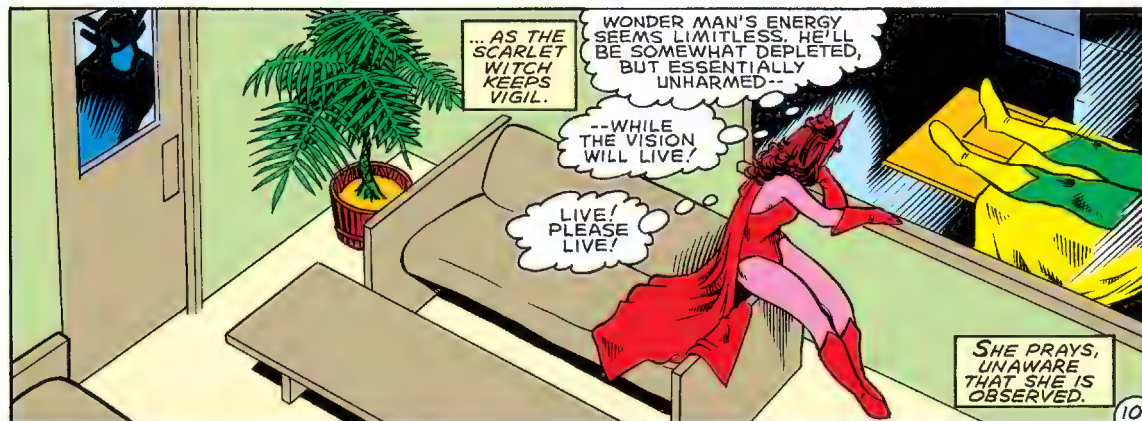
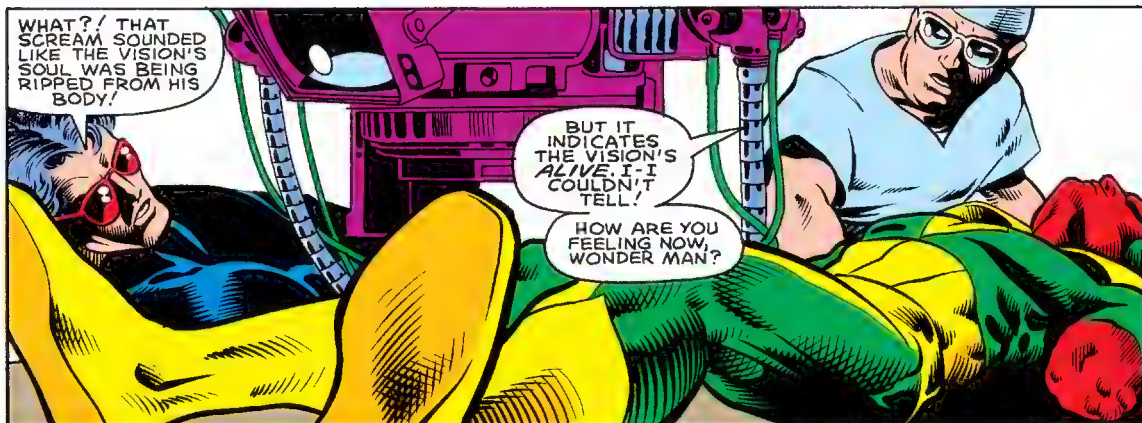
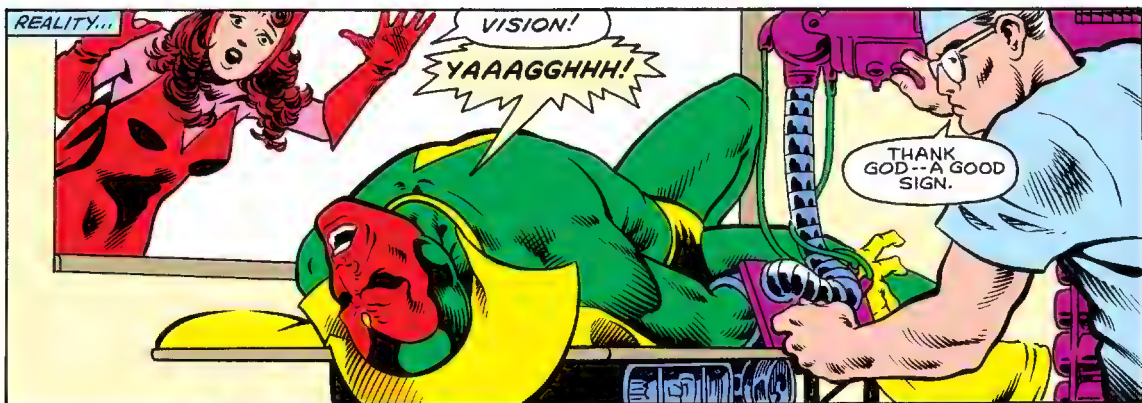
...BUT I AM COMPELLED.

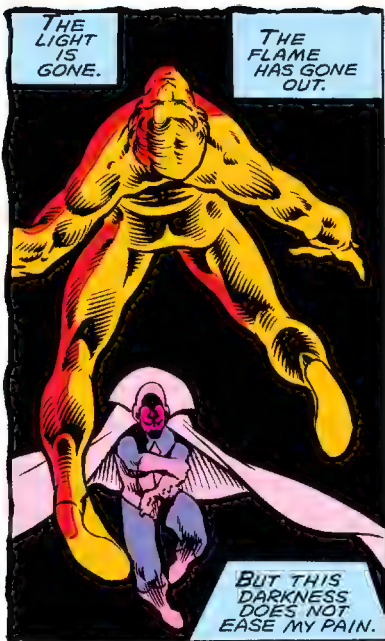
I TO WHOM FEELING IS SUPPOSED TO BE ALIEN...

...FEEL THE HEAT, FEEL THE PAIN.

WEAKLING!

AND I SCREAM MY AGONY UNTO THE HEAVENS!

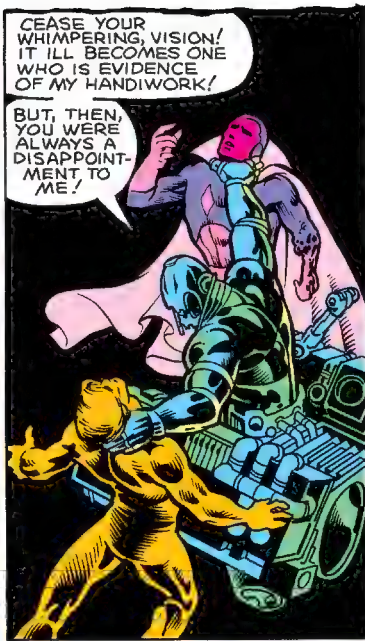




THE
LIGHT
IS
GONE.

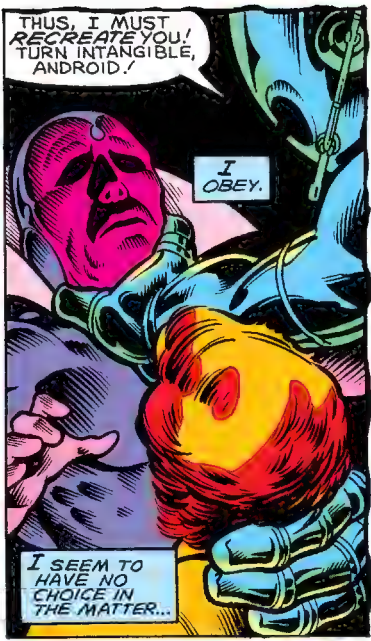
THE
FLAME
HAS GONE
OUT.

BUT THIS
DARKNESS
DOES NOT
EASE MY PAIN.



CEASE YOUR
WHIMPERING, VISION!
IT'LL BECOME ONE
WHO IS EVIDENCE
OF MY HANDIWORK!

BUT, THEN,
YOU WERE
ALWAYS A
DISAPPOINT-
MENT TO
ME!



THUS, I MUST
RECREATE YOU!
TURN INTANGIBLE,
ANDROID!

I
OBEY.

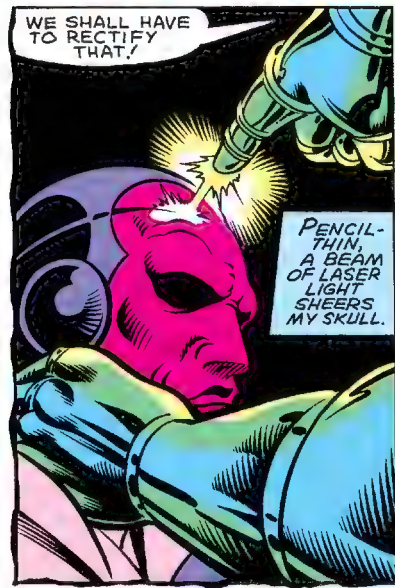
I SEEM TO
HAVE NO
CHOICE IN
THE MATTER...



...NO CONSCIOUS
VOLITION AT ALL AS
ULTRON MERGES ME
TOGETHER WITH THE
ORIGINAL HUMAN
TORCH.

THERE! A PERFECT
FIT! BACK TO BASICS!

BUT, WHAT
A SHAME--
NO BRAIN!

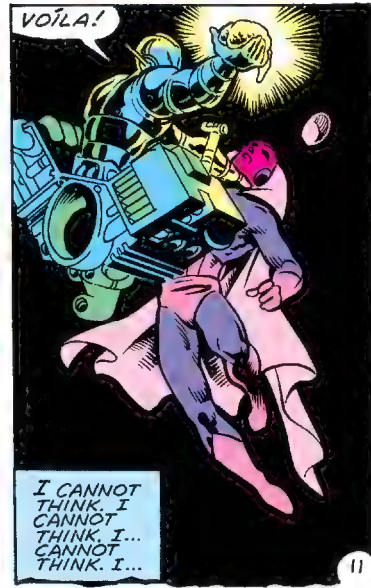


WE SHALL HAVE
TO RECTIFY
THAT!

PENCIL-
THIN,
A BEAM
OF LASER
LIGHT
SHEERS
MY SKULL.

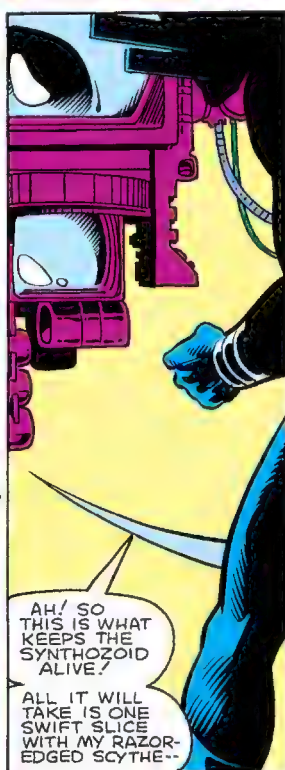
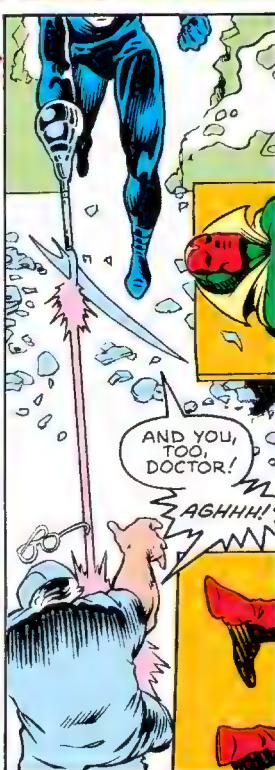
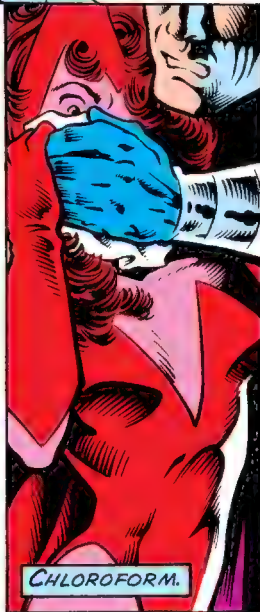
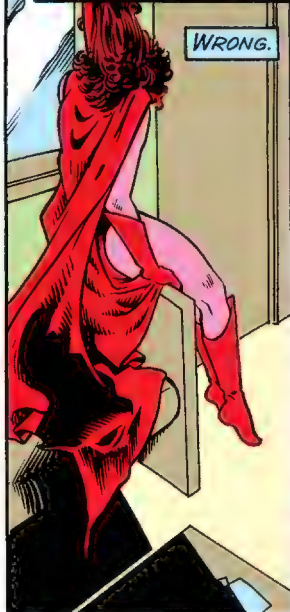


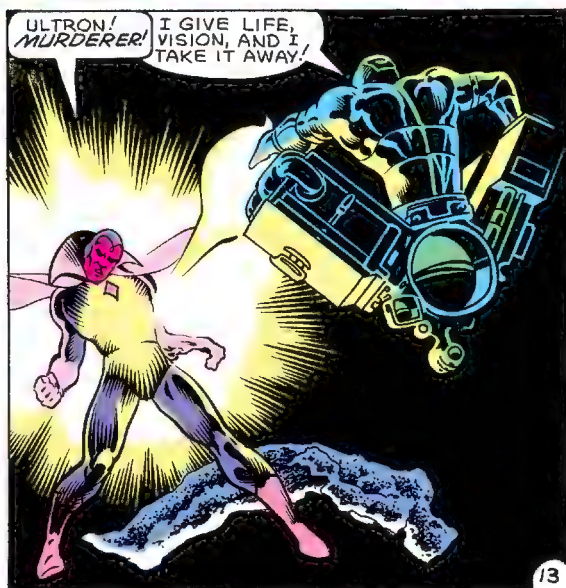
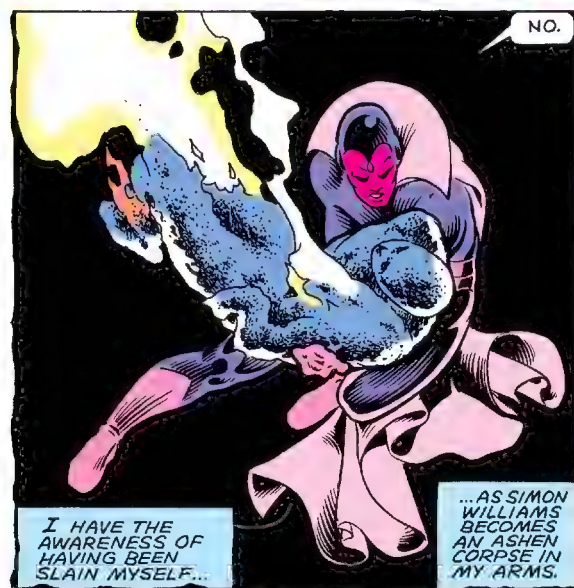
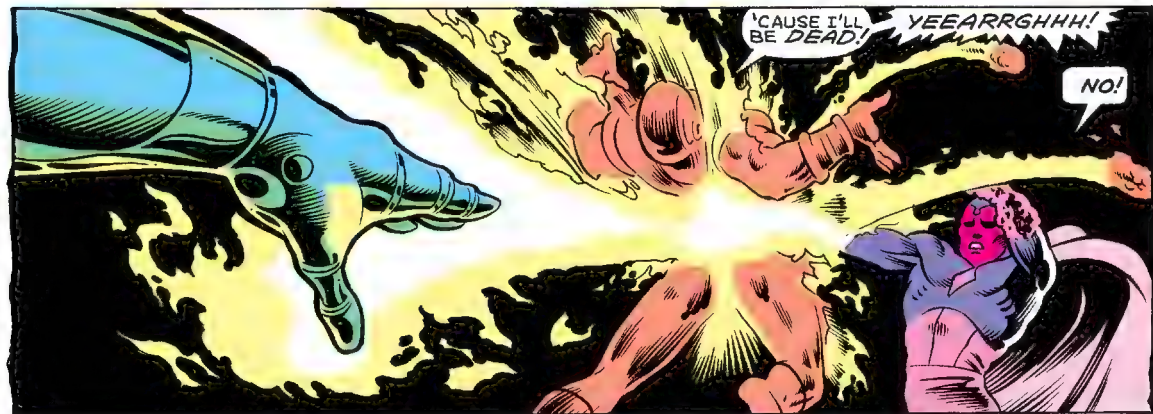
THIS IS
ONE VOID
WE SHALL
HAVE TO
FILL!

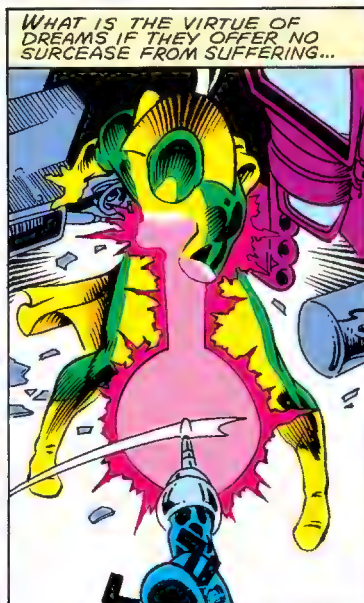
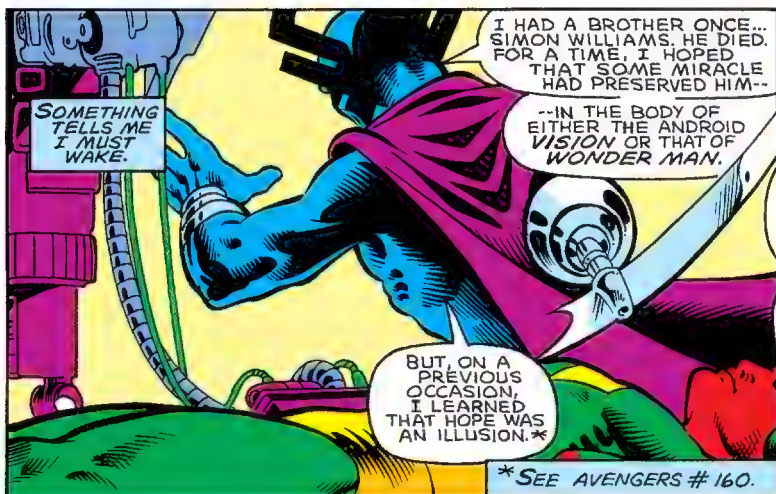


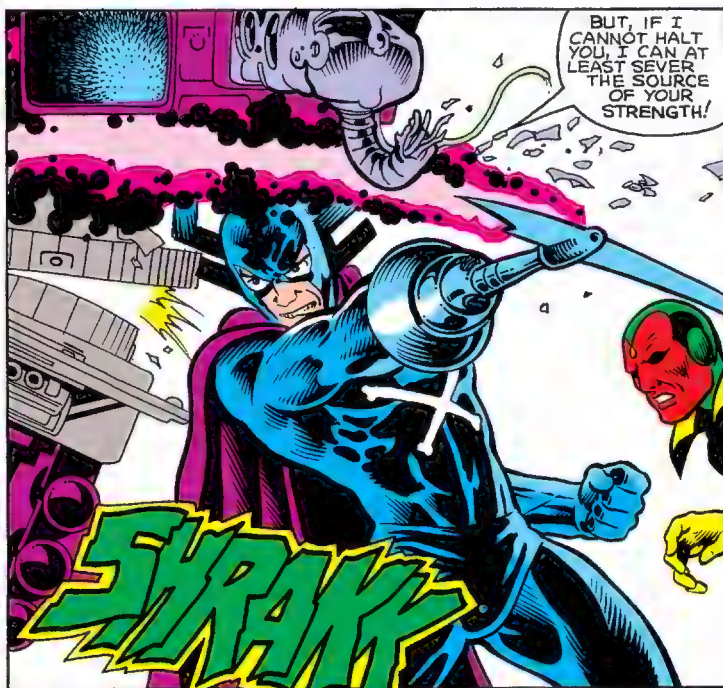
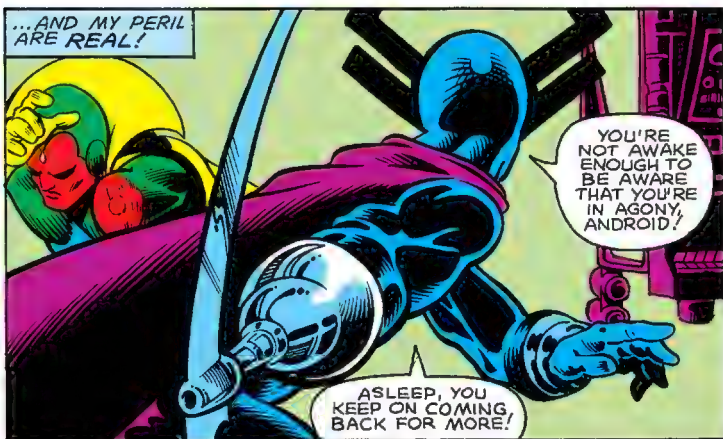
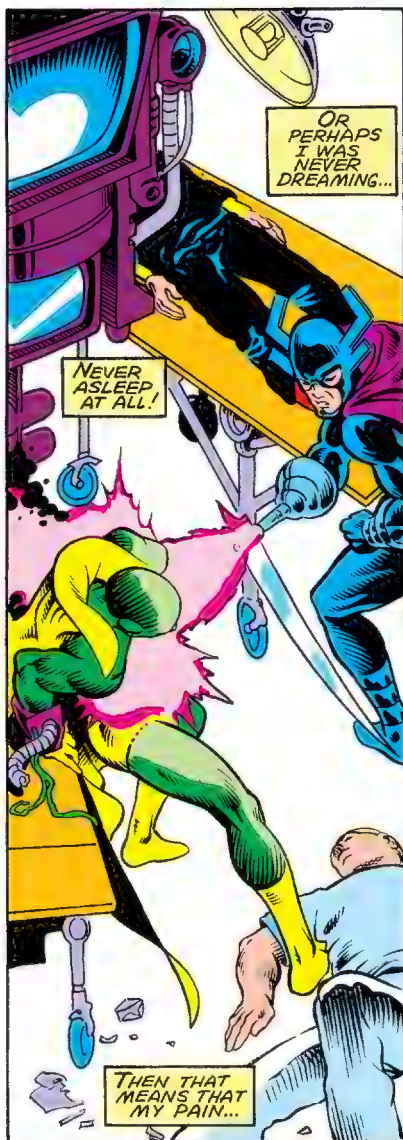
VOÏLA!

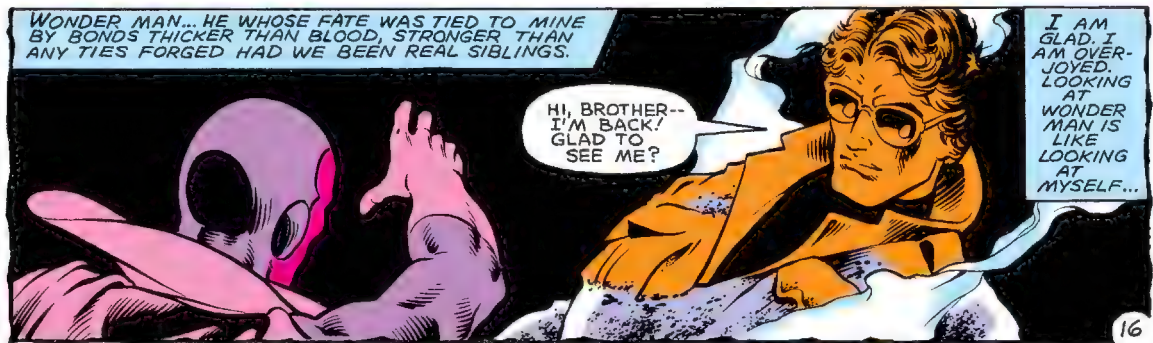
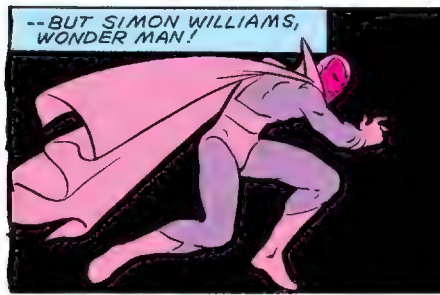
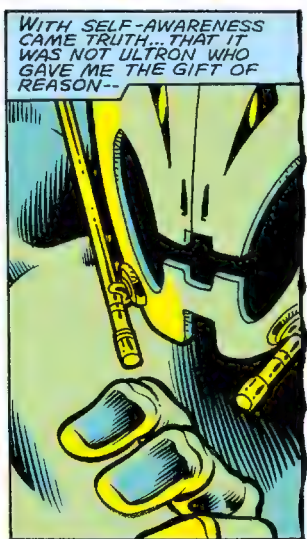
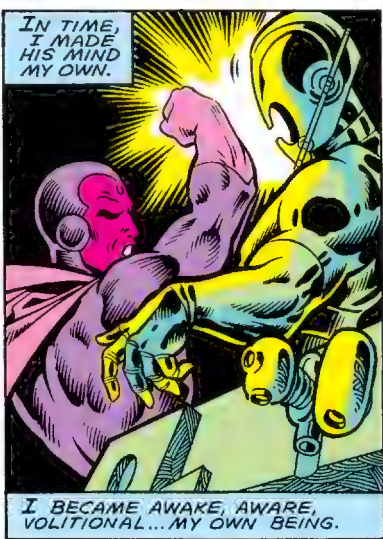
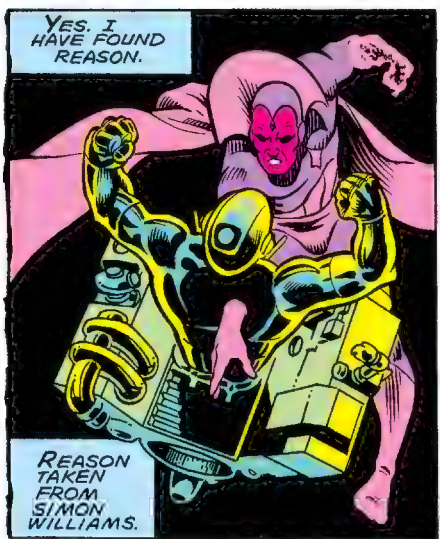
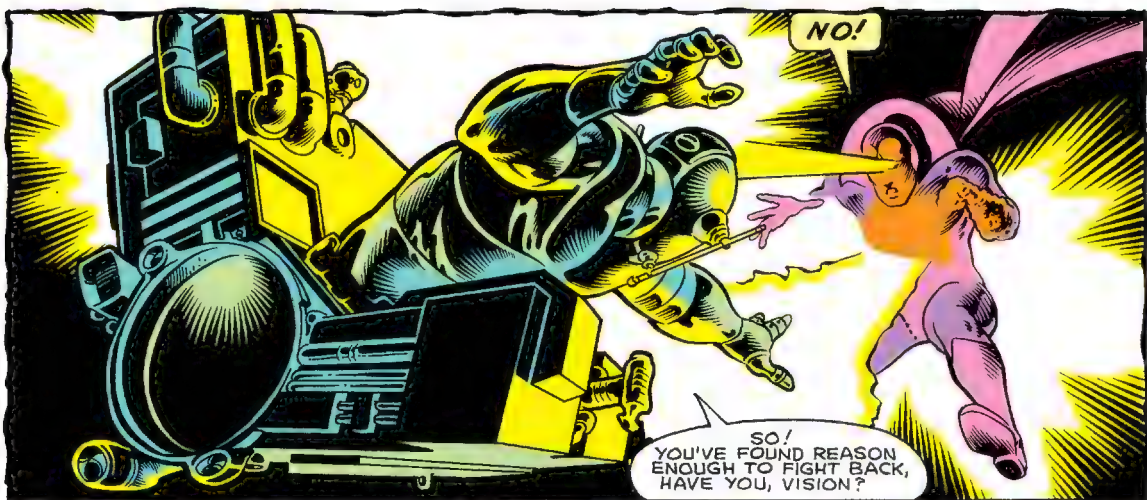
I CANNOT
THINK. I
CANNOT
THINK. I...
CANNOT
THINK. I...

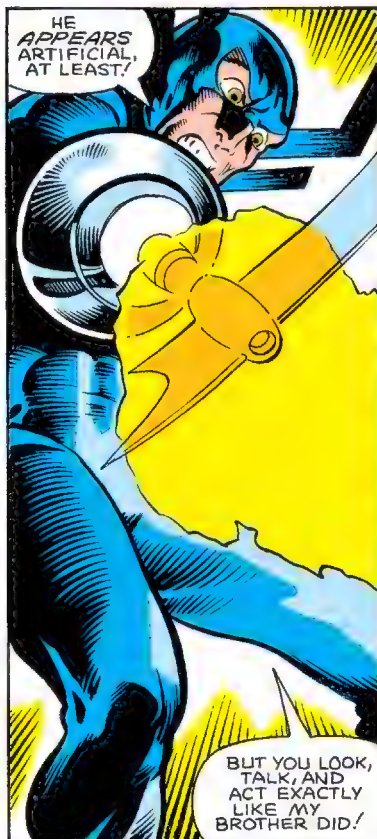


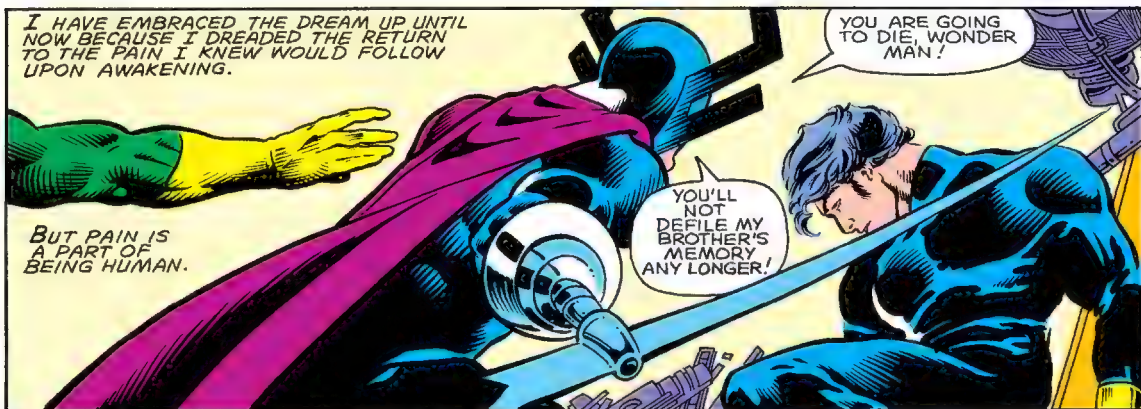


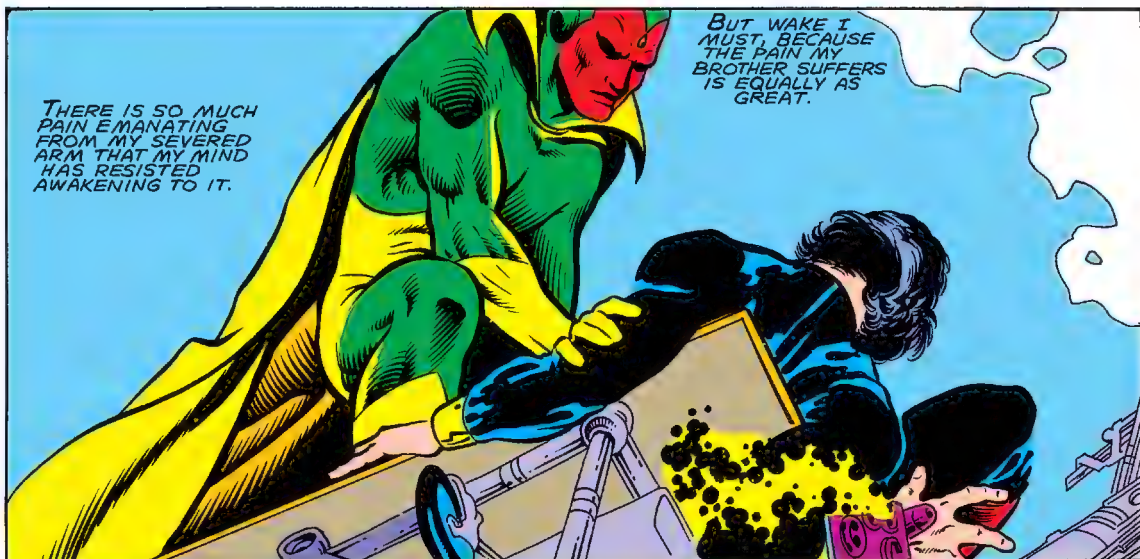






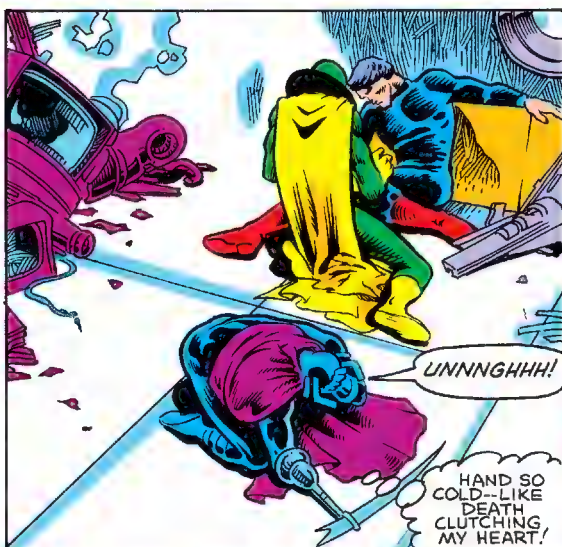






THERE IS SO MUCH PAIN EMANATING FROM MY SEVERED ARM THAT MY MIND HAS RESISTED AWAKENING TO IT.

BUT WAKE I MUST, BECAUSE THE PAIN MY BROTHER SUFFERS IS EQUALLY AS GREAT.



UNNNNGHHH!

HAND SO COLD--LIKE DEATH CLUTCHING MY HEART!



YOU DID THIS TO ME, ANDROID!

LOOK AT THEM! WHAT A FINE FILIAL SCENE! WHAT BROTHER-LOVE!

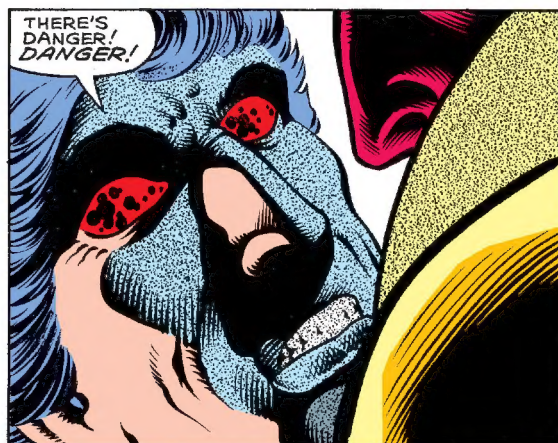
I HAD A BROTHER, TOO, ONCE--UNTIL THEY STOLE HIS MIND!




THROUGH A HAZE OF PAIN, I SEE WONDER MAN OPEN HIS EYES.

REST, SIMON! I WILL CARE FOR YOU!

HE SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING, TO CRY OUT A WARNING.





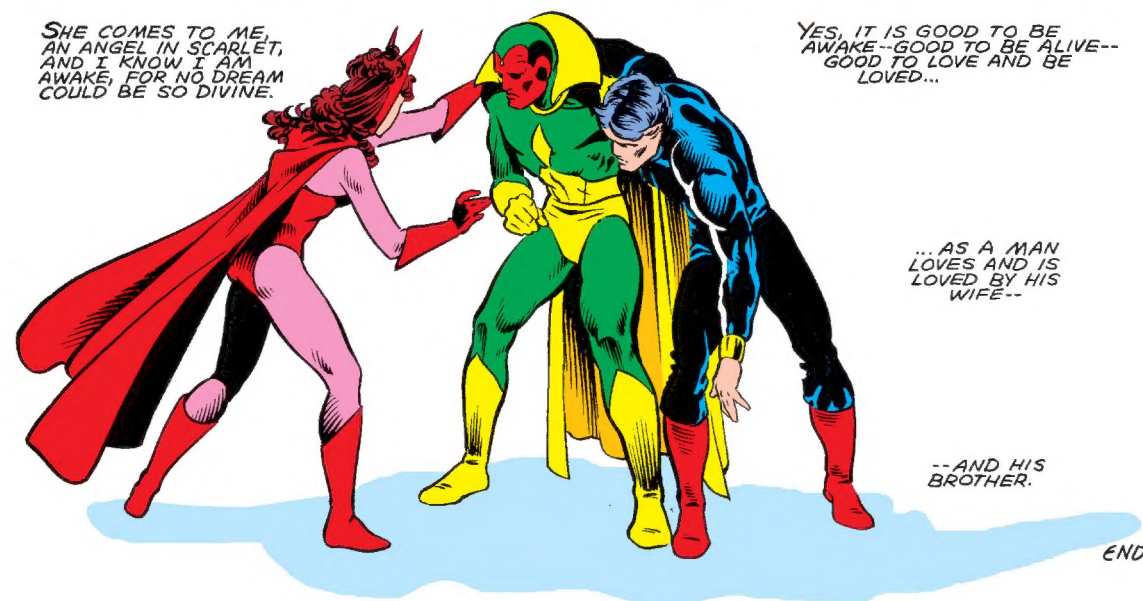
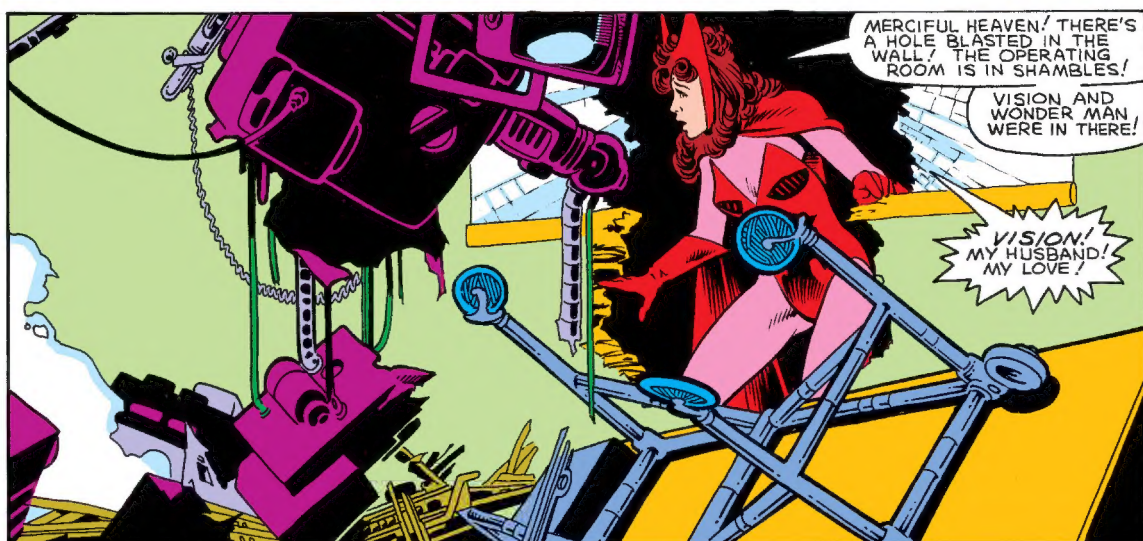
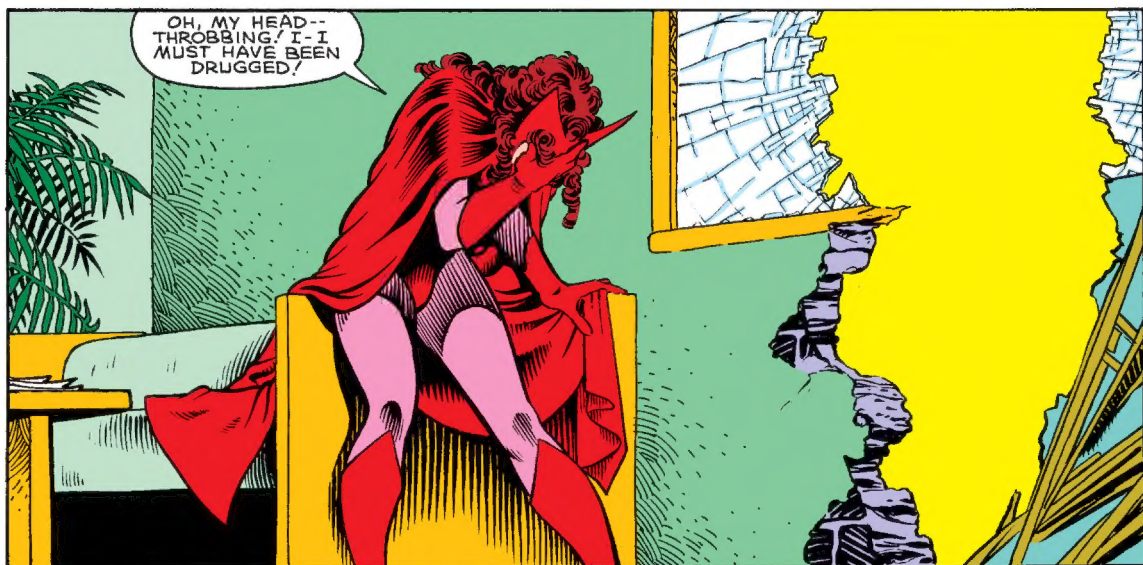
BUT LIFE IS FRAUGHT
WITH DANGER. IF ONE
WOULD LIVE, ONE
MUST ACCEPT THAT.

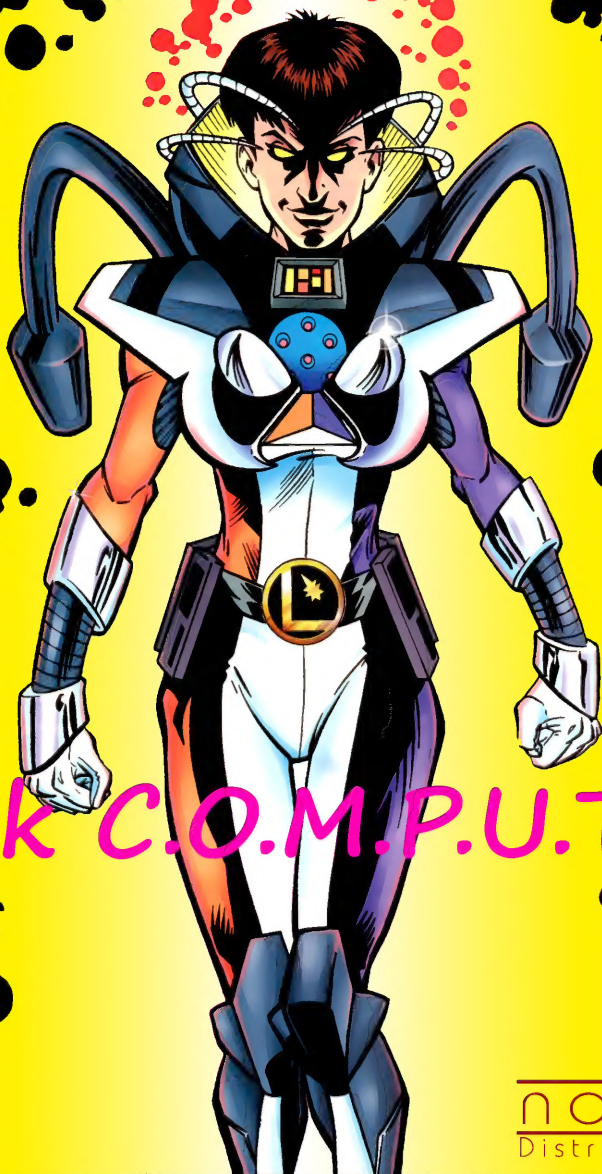
I, WHO DENIED FOR TOO
LONG THAT I LIVED,
WOULD LIVE NOW.

I WOULD FIGHT FOR
THE SWEET BREATH
OF LIFE WITH EVERY
FIBER OF MY BEING.

I WOULD
GRASP ON
TO LIFE AND
THE LIVING
WITH ALL MY
SYNTHOZOID
STRENGTH...

...AND GOD HELP
ANY AND ALL
WHO WOULD STEAL
EITHER FROM ME.





OK C.O.M.P.U.T.O.

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